*Edw.* No this way huntſman,
See where the Keepers ſtand. Now brother and the reſt,
What, are you prouided to depart?
*Glo.* I, I, the horſe ſtands at the Parke corner;
Come, to Lin, and ſo take ſhipping into Flanders:
*Ed.* Come then. *Haſtings* and *Stanley*,
I will requite your loues. Byſhop farewell,
Sheeld thee from *Warwickes* frowne,
And pray that I may repoſſeſſe the Crowne.
Now huntſman, what will you do?
*Huntſ.* Marry my Lord, I thinke I had as good
Go with you, as tarry heere to be hangd.
*Edw.* Come then lets away with ſpeed. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the Queene, and the Lord Riuers.*

*Riuers.* Tell me good Madame,
Why is your Grace ſo paſſionate of late?
*Qu.* Why brother *Riuers*, heare ye not the newes
Of that ſucceſſe King *Edward* had of late?
*Riuers.* What? loſſe of ſome pitcht battaile againſt *Warwick*.
Tuſh, feare not faire Queene, but caſt thoſe cares aſide.
King Edwards noble minde, his honours doth diſplay;
And *Warwicke* may loſe, though then he got the day.
*Qu.* If that were all, my greefes were at an end,
But greater troubles will I feare befall.
*Ri.* What, is he taken priſoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall perſon then?
*Queen.* I ther's my greefe, King Edward is ſurpriz'd,
And led away as priſoner vnto Yorke.
*Riu.* The newes is paſſing ſtrange I muſt confeſſe;
Yet comfort your ſelfe, for Edward hath more friends,
Then Lancaſter at this time muſt perceyue,
That ſome will ſet him in his Throne againe.
*Qu.* God grant they may; but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme awhile,
Vntill I come vnto the Sanctuary,
There to preſerue the fruite within my wombe,

King



King *Edwards* ſeed, true heire to Er

*Enter Edward and Richard*
*troope of Holl*

*Edw.* Thus far from *Belgia* haue
And marcht from *Raunſpur* hauen
But ſoft the gates are ſhut, I like n
*Rich.* Sound vp the drum, and ca

*Enter the Lord Maior of*

*Maior.* My Lords we had notic
And that's the cauſe we ſtand vpo
And ſhut the gates for to preſerue
*Henry* now is king, and we are ſwo
*Edw.* Why my Lord Maior, if *H*
*Edward* I am ſure at leaſt, is Duke
*Maior.* Truth my Lord, we kn
*Edw.* I craue nothing but my D
*Rich.* But when the Foxe hath
Hee'l quickly make the body follo
*Haſt.* Why my Lord Maior, wh
Open the gates, we are king Henr
*Maior.* Say you ſo, then Ile ope

*Rich.* By my faith, a wiſe ſtout

*The Maior opens the doore, and*
*Edw.* So my Lord Maior, theſe g
But in the time of warre, giue me
What, feare not man, for *Edward*
The towne and you, deſpight of

*Enter Sir Iohn Mountgomer*
How now *Richard*, who is this?
*Rich.* Brother, this is Sir *Iohn*
A truſtie friend, vnleſſe I be dece
*Edw.* Welcome Sir *Iohn*. Whe

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